HIS LOVE STORY

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SYNOPSIS.

—6—

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitchoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"My dear Julia," she said to the beautiful girl, looking at her through her lorgnon; "I don't understand you. Every one of your family has married a title. We have not thought that we could do better with our money than build up fortunes already started; than in preserving noble races and noble names. There has never been a divorce in our family. I am a marquise, your cousin is a countess, your aunt is one of the peeresses of England, and as for you, my dear . . ."

Miss Redmond was standing by the piano. She had lifted the cover and was about to sit down to play. She smiled slightly at her aunt, and seemed in the moment to be the older woman.

"There are titles and titles, ma tante: the only question is what kind do you value the most?"

"The highest!" said her aunt without hesitation, "and the Duc de Tremont is undoubtedly one of the most famous partis in Europe."

"He will then find no difficulty in marrying," said the young girl, "and I do not wish to marry a man I do not love."

She sat down at the piano and her hands touched the keys. Her aunt, who was doing some dainty tapestry, whose fingers were creating silken flowers and whose mind was busy with fancies and ambitions very like the work she created, shrugged her shoulders.

"That seems to be," she said keenly, "the only tune you know, Julia."

"It's a pretty song, ma tante."

"I remember that you played and sang it the first night Sabron came to dinner." The girl continued to finger among the chords. "And since then never a day passes that sometime or other you do not play it through."

"It has become a sort of oraison, ma tante."

"Sabron," said the marquise, "is a fine young man, my child, but he has nothing but his officer's pay. Moreover, a soldier's life is a precarious one."

Julia Redmond played the song softly through.

The old butler came in with the evening mail and the papers. The Marquise d'Esclignac, with her embroidery scissors, opened Le Temps from Paris and began to read with her usual interest. She approached the little lamp on the table near her, unfolded the paper and looked over at her niece, and after a few moments, said with a slightly softened voice:

"Julia!" Miss Redmond stopped playing. "Julia!" The girl rose from the piano stool and stood with her hand on the instrument.

"My dear Julia!" Madame d'Esclignac spread Le Temps out and put her hand on it. "As I said to you, my child, the life of a soldier is a precarious one."

"Ma tante," breathed Miss Redmond from where she stood. "Tell me what the news is from Africa. I think I know what you mean."

She could not trust herself to walk across the floor, for Julia Redmond in that moment of suspense found the room swimming.

"There has been an engagement," said the marquise gently, for in spite of her ambitions she loved her niece. "There has been an engagement, Julia, at Dirbal." She lifted the newspaper and held it before her face and read:

There has been some hard fighting in the desert, around about Dirbal. The troops commanded by Captain de Sabron were routed by the natives at noon on Thursday. They did not rally and were forced to retreat. There was a great loss of life among the natives and several of the regiment were also killed. There has been no late or authenic news from Dirbal, but the last dispatches give the department of war to understand that Sabron himself is among the missing.

The Marquise d'Esclignac slowly put down the paper, and rose quickly. She went to the young girl's side and put her arm around her. Miss Redmond covered her face with her hands:

"Ma tante, ma tante!" she murmured.

"My dear Julia," said the old lady, "there is nothing more uncertain than newspaper reports, especially those that come from the African seat of war. Sit down here, my child."

The two women sat together on the long piano stool. The marquise said:

"I followed the fortunes, my dear, of my husband's cousin through the engagement in Tonkin. I know a little what it was." The girl was immovable. Her aunt felt her rigid by her side. "I told you," she murmured, "that a soldier's life was a precarious one."

Miss Redmond threw away all disguise.

"Ma tante," she said in a hard voice. "I love him! You must have known it and seen it. I love him! He is becoming my life."

As the marquise looked at the girl's face and saw her trembling lips and her wide eyes, she renounced her ambitions for Julia Redmond. She renounced them with a sigh, but she was a woman of the world, and more than that, a true woman. She remained for a moment in silence, holding Julia's hands.

She had followed the campaign of her husband's cousin, a young man with an insignificant title whom she had not married. In this moment she relived again the arrival of the evening papers; the dispatches, her husband's news of his cousin. As she kissed Julia's cheeks a moisture passed over her own eyes, which for many years had shed no tears.

"Courage, my dear," she implored. "We will telegraph at once to the minister of war for news."

The girl drew a convulsive breath and turned, and leaning both elbows on the piano keys—perhaps in the very notes whose music in the little song had charmed Sabron—she burst into tears. The marquise rose and passed out of the room to send a man with a dispatch to Tarascon.

CHAPTER XIII.

One Dog's Day.

There must be a real philosophy in all proverbs. "Every dog has his day" is a significant one. It surely was for Pitchoune. He had his day. It was a glorious one, a terrible one, a memorable one, and he played his little part in it. He awoke at the gray dawn, springing like a flash from the foot of Sabron's bed, where he lay asleep, in response to the sound of the reveille, and Sabron sprang up after him.

Pitchoune in a few moments was in the center of real disorder. All he knew was that he followed his master

Pitchoune Smelled Him From Head to Foot.

all day long. The dog's knowledge did not comprehend the fact that not only had the native village, of which his master spoke in his letter to Miss Redmond, been destroyed, but that Sabron's regiment itself was menaced by a concerted and concentrated attack from an entire tribe, led by a fanatic as hotminded and as fierce as the Mahdi of Sudanese history.

Pitchoune followed at the heels of his master's horse. No one paid any attention to him. Heaven knows why he was not trampled to death, but he was not. No one trod on him; no horse's hoof hit his little wiry form that managed in the midst of carnage and death to keep itself secure and his hide whole. He smelt the gunpowder, he smelt the smoke, sniffed at it, threw up his pretty head and barked, puffed and panted, yelped and tore about and followed. He was not conscious of anything but that Sabron was in motion; that Sabron, his beloved master, was in action of some kind or other and he, a soldier's dog, was in action, too. He howled at fierce dark faces, when he saw them. He snarled at the bullets that whistled around his ears and, laying his little ears back, he shook his black muzzle in the very grin of death.

Sabron's horse was shot under him, and then Pitchoune saw his master, sprang upon him, and his feelings were not hurt that no attention was paid him, that not even his name was called, and as Sabron struggled on, Pitchoune followed. It was his day; he was fighting the natives; he was part of a battle; he was a soldier's dog! Little by little the creatures and things around him grew fewer, the smoke cleared and rolled away, there were a few feet of freedom around him in which he stood and barked; then he was off again close to his master's heels and not too soon. He did not know the blow that struck Sabron, but he saw him fall, and then and there came into his canine heart some knowledge of the importance of his day. He had raced himself weary. Every bone in his little body ached with fatigue.

Sabron lay his length on the bed of a dried-up river, one of those phantom-like channels of a desert stream whose course runs watery only certain times of the year. Sabron, wounded in the abdomen, lay on his side. Pitchoune smelled him from head to foot, addressed himself to his restoration in his own way. He licked his face and hands and ears, sat sentinel at the beloved head where the forehead was covered with sweat and blood. He barked feverishly and to his attentive ears there came no answer whatsoever, either from the wounded man in the bed of the African river or from the silent plains.

Sabron was deserted. He had fallen and not been missed and his regiment, routed by the Arabs, had been driven into retreat. Finally the little dog, who knew by instinct that life remained in his master's body, set himself at work vigorously to awaken a sign of life. He attacked Sabron's shoulder as though it were a prey; he worried him, barked in his ear, struck him lightly with his paw, and finally, awakening to dreadful pain, to fever and to isolation, awakening perhaps to the battle for life, to the attentions of his friend, the spahi opened his eyes.

Sabron's wound was serious, but his body was vigorous, strong and healthy, and his mind more so. There was a film over it just now. He raised himself with great effort, and in a moment realized where he was and that to linger there was a horrible death. On each side of the river rose an inclined bank, not very high and thickly grown with mimosa bush. This meant to him that beyond it and probably within easy reach, there would be shade from the intense and dreadful glare beating down upon him, with death in every ray. He groaned and Pitchoune's voice answered him. Sabron paid no attention to his dog, did not even call his name. His mind, accustomed to quick decisions and to a matter-of-fact consideration of life, instantly took its proper course. He must get out of the river bed or die there, rot there.

What there was before him to do was so stupendous an undertaking that it made him almost unconscious of the pain in his loins. He could not stand, could not thoroughly raise himself; but by great and painful effort, bleeding at every move, he could crawl; he did so, and the sun beat down upon him. Pitchoune walked by his side, whining, talking to him, encouraging him, and the spahi, ashen pale, his bright gray uniform ripped and stained, all alone in the desert, with death above him and death on every hand, crawled, dragged, hitched along out of the river to the bank, cheered, encouraged by his little dog.

For a drop of water he would have given—oh, what had he to give? For a little shade he would have given—about all he had to give had been given to his duty in this engagement which could never bring him glory, or distinction or any renown. The work of a spahi with a native regiment is not a very glorious affair. He was simply an officer who fell doing his daily work.

Pitchoune barked and cried out to him: "Courage!"

"I shall die here at the foot of the mimosa," Sabron thought; and his hands hardly had the courage or strength to grasp the first bushes by which he meant to pull himself up on the bank. The little dog was close to him, leaping, springing near him, and Sabron did not know how tired and thirsty and exhausted his brave little companion was, or that perhaps in that heroic little body there was as much of a soldier's soul as in his own human form.

The sun was so hot that it seemed to sing in the bushes. Its torrid fever struck on his brown, struck on his chest; why did it not kill him? He was not even delirious, and yet the bushes sang dry and crackling. What was their melody? He knew it. Just one melody haunted him always, and now he knew the words: they were a prayer for safety.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Civilization's Peril.

America is closer to the heart of Europe than at any time since England's colonies became independent states. To the most isolated farmhouse it has been known for a half year that we are not remote from the portentous events beyond the sea; that the fate of our brothers over there, in some way which we do not well discern, involves us also. We are, whether we like it or not, full shareholders in the civilization which is imperiled. Our commerce and industry, our prosperity and well-being, our culture and religion, the foundations of our common humanity, and the ideals of our common aspirations, are all at stake.—Edward T. Devine in the Survey.

Child Research Work.

Miss Elizabeth Moore of St. Louis, who is a member of the children's bureau department of the government, has returned to Saginaw, Mich., to continue her investigations in regard to the women of the lumber camps and health of the children. Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the children's bureau, ordered Miss Moore to Indianapolis shortly after the holidays to assist in making preparations for a child welfare exhibition to be given in that city. Miss Moore was there ten days before returning to her regular work.

FINDS LESSON IN THE WAR

Dean Hodges Points Out Four Things Learned as Result of Great Struggle.

That there are four great lessons being taught by the present war in Europe was the declaration of Dean George Hodges of Cambridge Theological seminary, former rector of Calvary Epsicopal church, Cambridge, in a sermon on "The War," from the pulpit he used to occupy in Calvary, recently.

"This war will teach that a nation is not exalted by material strength," said he. "To be exalted a nation must have, beside material strength, the true ideals of brotherhood. The second lesson that this war is teaching is that might is not right, and any nation that thinks so to the contrary will regret it. The third lesson is that people have been wrong in saying that men are invincibly selfish, for this war offers thousands and thousands of cases of men gladly giving up their lives. The fourth lesson is that the old belief that war is glorious is a false belief. War is far from glorious and we are realizing it today as never before. Because of the neglect of national Christianity we find this war existing today. Christianity is for nations as well as for individuals and that will be the one great, comprehensive lesson this war will teach."

Trickster.

John H. Finley, New York's commissioner of education, said in Albany, apropos of an argument on Bible reading in the schools:

"This argument is straightforward. It does not shift and jump and beat about the bush. It isn't like the tricky schoolboy.

"'Which would you choose,' his teacher asked this schoolboy, 'the tenth or the twentieth part of an apple?'

"The boy answered that he would choose the twentieth part, and then, noting with his shifty eyes his teacher's frown, he added, hastily:

"'I don't like apples, you know.'"—Washington Star.

Sarcasm in the Box.

Judge—Then when your wife seized the weapon you ran out of the house?

Plaintiff—Yes, sir.

Judge—But she might not have used it.

Plaintiff—True, your honor. Maybe she picked up the flatiron just to smooth things over."

Applied Art.

"What's your hired man plowing up your front yard for, Blinks?"

"My daughter has a new camera, and the instruction says to break up the foreground before taking a picture, and I couldn't very well let her do that hard work."

Easy.

"How did you manage to win the hand of an heiress?" asked the envious friend of a "dancing man."

"Oh—er—I glided into her affections."

About the only stone the average boy does not turn is the grindstone.

Let's not gouge other people while carving out our fortunes.

Famous Royal Artillery Band.

One of the most famous bands is that of the Royal artillery. Many persons who have attained distinction in the musical world have been connected with the Royal artillery or its band. Among them was Sims Reeves, who was the son of a bandsman, and who, in his boyhood, sang in the military choir at Woolwich. It is, perhaps, not well known that the Royal artillery band is fifty years older than the Philharmonic society, having been formed in 1762. It has done much for the advancement of music in England, and has always enjoyed the advantage of having a succession of eminent musicians as bandmasters. It has always been double-handed; that is to say, the players are as proficient on stringed instruments as on wind, and can at any time assume the character of an orchestra.

Few Sailors Row or Swim.

A survivor from one of the torpedoed ships says: "We had no men in our boat who could row. I had never rowed a boat before, but I can do so now." The smallness of the number of men in our mercantile marine who can handle a rowboat would surprise the majority of people, and those who can handle a sail are an even smaller band. They get almost no opportunity of learning. As for swimming, very few are experts, and battalions of them cannot swim a stroke. Just last summer I sailed with a British cargo boat officered by nonswimmers, and having on board only four men in all who believed that, unaided, they could keep themselves afloat.—London Chronicle.

The Human Touch.

There must be the sensitive touch. A visitor to a manufactory saw a man molding clay into pots. Noticing that all the molding was done by hand, he said to the workman, "Why do you not use a tool to aid you in shaping the clay?" The workman replied: "There is no tool that can do this work. We have tried different ones, but somehow it needs the human touch." And how true it is that in shaping lives for God there is need of the human touch. We cannot do the Lord's work by machinery. Jesus touched men, imparting health, cleansing and salvation.—Biblical Recorder.

Advice Needed.

"I will take the matter under advisement," announced the referee in the divorce proceedings, "and will decide the case next week."

"But, your honor," put in her counsel, "the appellant is immensely wealthy and—"

"That," said the referee, "is the point upon which I wish to be advised. This hearing is adjourned."—Judge.

Cheerful Rogues.

"Human nature presents queer contrasts."

"For instance?"

"Men who have a sunny disposition and a shady character."

More So Than the Panama.

Bix—Which do you consider the most important canal in the world?

Dix—The alimentary is to me.

The personnel of the British navy is about double that of any other navy in the world.

MACHINE TO TEACH MUSIC

After-School Practice Hours May Be Lightened as Result of New System.

As the result of a system of musical time-recording records for talking machines lately devised by Juler Louis-Elson of Far Rockaway, N. Y., the prospect of after-school practice hours on the piano stool may be lightened for juvenile music students.

The principles contained in what the inventor terms his "scenario" may be interpreted on six double-disk talking machine records, or, the same result may be obtained in a condensed form by combining all of the musical counting or time recording on one record only.

On one side af the record are examples cited by the instructor in oral text; on the other side is the oral count of beats, as, 1, 2; 1, 2, 3; 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. A concluding specimen of the oral instruction text is as follows: "For example, let us take the Presto form (the record plays 12 bars). Now, when you consult the printed music you will notice that the quarter, or C (as it is printed), is barred. This serves to indicate that one should count in two. The record now sings as a teacher does the previously played bars of the Presto, emphasizing the count: 1, 2; 1, 2. Thank you."

Money From Snakes.

Lewis Anthony, well-known Ware farmer, expects to take legal action against a negro named John Hammond because the negro killed a large rattlesnake on Mr. Anthony's farm, according to a Waycross (Ga.) correspondent of the New York Sun.

Mr. Anthony catches all snakes in his settlement and sells them, and he figures that the negro has caused him a loss of at least $10 in killing the rattler.

Hammond was working near Mr. Anthony's farm, and when he saw a rattler he lost no time in getting it out of the way. The snake had thirteen rattles and a button.

Satan and the Cerulean Deep.

"I'm in a quandary."

"What about?"

"I have two invitations to dinner, and I can't decide—"

"Which one to accept?"

"No, which one to refuse. One is to a home where a young lady has just come home from a piano conservatory, and the other is where a five-year-old boy knows a lot of recitations."—Farm Life.

Flaw in the Argument.

"Don't you think that idiots should be chloroformed at birth?" asked the progressive person.

"It wouldn't be practical," replied the student of human nature. "Most of them do not show it until after they grow up."

The Prescription.

"I have broken down from overwork, doctor. What cure would you recommend?"

"A sinecure; three dollars, please."

No Great Wealth.

Tom—She has a wealth of hair.

Bess—Oh, I don't know. You can buy those switches new for $6.